Gomen ne, Onii-sama - WN Chapter 00-01

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Please, God

Please, God

..*

———It hurts.
———It's lonely.

Even if I try to press the nurse call button, my vision is narrow, it's gotten dark, and I don't even know where it is.
This incredibly painful heart, these lungs that won't breath; they tell me that I don't have any time left.
And even though this is something I've prepared myself for countless times, my heart is rejecting this end with all its power; I don't want to die like this.

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I lived a life that couldn't bring joy to a single person.

..*

I became bound to a bed before I entered school, so I don't have a single friend.
Even the nurses that treated me kindly drew the line of our relationship as a professional one.
I know that even my parents, somewhere in their hearts, thought badly of this weak life of mine that wouldn't die all this time.
I'm sure that even if I die, everyone will forget me.

These white sheets, this pile of books, the mechanical sounds of this medical equipment; that's all that exists in this world that surrounds me.
Memories of running about under the sun, were something impossible for me to have.
I've never played with somebody with all my might, nor gotten in a fight with anyone.
A memory happy enough that I'll never forget it; such a thing doesn't exist even in my mind Aaah, really, what a sad life.

Being all alone like this, isn't how I want to die.
For me to die without anyone missing me…
For me to die after living such an empty life…

But, it isn't as though these feelings won't take away the pain that my heart feels.
It's the end.
Even if I call for the nurses, I'll die.
In that case…

I reach out my trembling hand, to the book on the table beside me.
I might not be able to reach it.
I might not be able to hold it.
But, at the very least,
even if this life of mine doesn't leave anything behind, at the very end, I want to die feeling happy.
I want to touch this beloved, adored, dream-like, hope-filled book of mine.

..*

Aaah.
If I can be born again, this time, I want to live like him.

..*

My stretched out hand, dropped to the white sheets, empty.

Wait for me, Oniisama!

Wait for me, Oniisama!

First Year.

PASHIN, went the hard sound of the fan closing.
The mana that had been single-heartedly emitted in no particular direction now faded away, without forming a single shape.
The boy who was forcefully awakened from his extreme nervousness, had drawn in a deep breath before he had realised it.
A woman with neatly ordered brown hair, with just a tinge of golden, gazed at the boy with cold eyes.

"Gilford, could it be that you cannot form even a fireball?"

"…I-, 'm very sorry, esteemed (step)mother."

The woman gave a deep sigh, as though she were disappointed from the depths of her heart, before placing a hand to her head.
With this, the person you could call the boy's final stronghold, had finally given up on him.
She had become somebody that would no longer protect him.
He had failed her test after all; the test of she who was the most unopposable authority in this magic clan.
This woman did not have the leisure to pay attention to the incompetent.
Even if this was a given result, it still aches the heart.

———However.
As I watched this boy's shoulders shakily rise and fall with trembling breaths, and saw a membrane of tears cover his verdant eyes, despite myself, despite myself, the beating of my heart began to quicken.
The moment that the bishounen with the dull silver hair and green eyes was moved to tears by his failure, and was abandoned by the beautiful blonde woman…
The moment that he hit rock bottom, that marked the most important point for

this story about crawling up from the bedrock…
To think the day would come that I would see with my own eyes this picturesque scene. I had never even thought it possible.

The person looking on from the side looked like nothing but the image of a cold-headed stepmother, but she had kindness that allowed her to never give up on him, no matter how many times, how many times he failed a test.
But Okaasama with her weak body is forbidden from straining her heart.
If she continued guiding them even after they failed the test, she would definitely collapse.
While calming this heart of mine that had been trembling with emotion, I cut in between the two of them to take on that duty myself.

“Okaasama. Would it be all right if I took over testing Oniisama?”

Since I’ve gained Okaasama’s permission, and I’ve seen her off…
Now then, with this it’s my turn now.
I abruptly changed my posture, and after gazing at the bishounen with villainous, confident eyes, I let out a fireball the size of my palm into the air.
It wasn’t magic that corresponded to my strength; I deliberately mass produced the *beginner class* spell that he was desperately practising.
One, two, three————————————ten.
The boy’s eyes were coloured with despair as he gazed at the fire balls surrounding my small body.

“By the rules of our family, I will not forgive a person eternally useless.”

Raising a small arm into the air as the fireballs followed my movements, I turned them towards the boy.
Regardless of the fact that there was a protective film cast over him, touching the balls you would find them appropriately hot, and those fireballs rained down onto the defenceless boy.

“Oniisama, let me teach you the difference between us.”

Even if they’re older than you, or in a higher position than you, the strength of the person takes priority.
Whether you’re brother and sister, father and daughter, master and disciple, it’s the same.

The unconditionally meritocractic Luzil family is super muscle-headed.

…*

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…*

Just like in many stories,【I】was reincarnated.

In the past, there was once a book that began to have a quiet boom, which bit by bit began to catch on, and just as they were about to conclude the series and people were thinking *'The anime adaptation is pretty close too!'* …with such exceptional timing, the publisher went bankrupt, and it was postponed.
The name of the series was called 'The Magician and the Country of Night'.
In the past, I was completely engrossed in it.
A book once a year, and at worst, even a book every three years. This series that would only be released at such a pace was to I, who spent my days in boredom, the only thing I had to look forward to in excitement.

There were many characters that I liked, but amongst them all, I was particularly fond of the protagonist.
He was a【Strongest Character】type protagonist that you often find in novels, but because of his mental development as a person in the novels, and because he didn't boorishly bulldoze through everything with force, he was terribly cool.
Early life, an unfortunate childhood, a door opening to a world he never knew, a journey with his friends, schemes that stood in the way, blessings of a guardian spirit, grief on the battlefield, difficulties, and growth.
Each of these components were spices that made him shine———the only regrettable thing was that just before his final confrontation, the publishers went bankrupt.

Now then, the world that I was born into was none other than that of 'The Magician and the Country of Night'.
The truth is that when I was younger, my memories were unstable, so I wasn't really sure, but once my ego had developed, I properly realised the situation.

Indeed; I realised that in the near future, the protagonist———the Grand Hydromancer, Gilford, would become my older brother.

Honestly speaking, when I realised this, I was so excited that for days I couldn't even fall asleep.
I mean, I had been reborn as one of the characters in the book that was my absolute favourite in my past life.
I spent every single day excited, and dived into my studies of magic with enthusiasm.
I showed my mother and father knowledge above my age, and grasped the tenets of magic.
However, once I calmed down a little and thought through one of the memories in my mind, I realised that the road my future brother would be travelling would be filled with difficulties.
Of course, growth comes hand in hand with difficulties, so I had not the slightest intention of negating that.
The worries on the battlefield, the conflicts with the enemy, the discord between friends; all of them were essential to growth, so it wasn't a big problem.

But. But,
the magician who was the country's final defence was my oniisama———this was a problem.
He was unmistakably the protagonist. However, he belonged to the type that matured and showed their talents later.

The Luzil family that Gil-sama and I belong to is a clan of pyromancers.
A clan was directly descended from a great magician who had in the early days of the country, cleared a path through the enemies with their flames, and established clear national borders.
And even now, it was a clan that was a key cornerstone of our country, a clan that overpowered the forces of the opportunistic neighbouring countries that might seek to attack us.
Would there be any noble who wouldn't be proud of such an important position? No, there wouldn't be.
As a result, this family of mine that values strength more than anything, is a complete meritocracy.
That's why my late-bloomer Oniisama had for a long time been treated as something lower than a worm in this house.

Originally when Otousama had suddenly brought back a boy and said *'This is my kid.'* it was a huge fiasco.
It wasn't described in the book, but probably seeing that his daughter had such potential, he ecstatically thought *'Maybe the seeds I sowed earlier are strong as well'*.
Gil-sama is a child who's older than me———in other words, he was a kid conceived during Otousama's political engagement with the esteemed Okaasama.
For a long time now they had seemed like a couple in a political marriage that only played the parts of husband and wife, but since Gil-sama was brought back, the relations between the two of them became as terrible as they could get.
It was a relationship with nothing going for it except trust, so it can't be helped that it came to this though.
Even so, she married into this family that served as the cornerstone to our national defence, so Okaasama resolved herself.
It was good to have even one more able magician serving the country.
That's why she very properly trained Gil-sama in the magic of the Luzil family.

The result was that Oniisama had absolutely no talent for fire.
The symbol of her husband's infidelity, a talentless good-for-nothing———————with such a boy pushed onto her, Okaasama's pride as a royal princess had already long been torn to shreds.
Had Gil-sama even a little bit of talent in pyromancy then once he grew up he could at least work as a magician to protect the country, even if it was work in support roles, so her husband's infidelity was tied to supporting the country; it was for this reason that she could bear it.
However, the reality was that even after teaching, and teaching him, he revealed no power whatsoever.
And seeing Okaasama driven into a corner like that, those that sympathised with her, and those that were envious of his position, all verbally abused Gil-sama, so he ended up spending a pitiful ten years like that.
That was what was written in the novel.
It was a family built on meritocracy, so that part of it can't be helped though.

But, but, no matter how much growth you can gain from suffering, the circumstances really are just too much!

Even though the only one in the wrong is Otousama with his loose lower body, Gil-sama and Okaasama are really too pitiful. I was angry.

Thankfully,【I】am Origa Emelda Luzil.
The one known as the strongest *villain* in that story, the Lady of the Inferno, Origa.
In the book, Origa was such a powerful pyromancer that she was even called the heaven-sent child of pyromancy, and with a severe and flaming personality, she mowed down every person in the clan with her strength, and snatched the position of clan head from Otousama at the young age of sixteen.
And like that, because of that severe meritocracy, various incidents were———no, that's not something relevant right this moment though.

Even if I speed things along a little, it's a predetermined ending, so there shouldn't be any problem.
This is a story about the growth of the magician Gilford, that heads towards an ending where he saves the nation.
As long as it's regarding matters outside of the blooming of his abilities, and his reign as the best magician in the country, I believed that I would be able to interfere.

So that's how it is.
I want to hurry up and refine his talent so that nobody can say a thing about him, and free Gil-sama and Okaasama from the fate that they're experiencing.
In other words, each day I do nothing but devote myself to playing the villain.

Sorry, Oniisama!
———It's just for a little while longer, so hold on, okay?

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tl: "esteemed (step)mother"
It's written 'giboue/義母上' or 'esteemed stepmother', but he probably reads it as 'hahaue' or 'esteemed mother'. Well, I'm not entirely sure, so correct me if you think this is a situation where he would actually read it as 'gibo', but I don't think he does.
Ah, for readers with no idea what I'm talking about, in Japanese, usually you would refer to step-parents or in-laws as 'step/-inlaw' when you write, but pronounce it as 'mother' or 'father'. But since this is fantasy, I'm not exactly

sure how things go.

Take care of yourself, Oniisama!

Take care of yourself, Oniisama!

Second Year.

Seeing the boy chant the spell for the fireball again and again and again, the maid shoved him hatefully.
To she who was unmistakably a member of the clan and was talented enough to be serve in the main house, this boy was nothing but a target of jealousy.
Even though it had already been two years since the clan head had brought him to the main house, the boy hadn't learned pyromancy at all.
Even though he had inherited the blood of the man who was said to be the most talented clan head in history, the boy hadn't inherited even a fragment of his power, and the irritation towards him was just growing.

That even though he had less talent than anyone else, being allowed to live in the main house had invited her jealousy.
That he was living in an environment more favourable than anyone else, and was allowed to learn pyromancy there had invited her jealousy.
But more than anything else———the fact that he was the elder brother of that girl who was blessed with more talent than anybody else, had invited her jealousy.
And so, she took a disrespectful attitude towards him.
However, there was nobody in this mansion that would condemn her for such actions.

"Origa-sama is using it now. Please move, Gilford-sama."

The boy who had fallen on his backside sluggishly raised his head, and perhaps due to exhaustion, tilted his head with a vacant expression.
———He had become like this due to overuse of mana.
Because magic that failed to activate would continually drain one's power, his mana itself had probably run dry.
As for the little mistress, her copper eyes were gazing at her half-brother with a

calm expression, and she gave a small sigh.

"You're an eyesore, Oniisama. How about meditating outside? You might end up being able to use a little magic."

Such was her passing remark, as she pointed outside the window expressionlessly, where the cacophony of roaring thunder and the violent rain striking the ground could be heard.
She was his younger sister, but it was an order from an influential member of the clan who was recognised as the next clan head.
There was no way for the incompetent brother to refuse, and as the maid saw him walk, head hanging, to the door that lead to the courtyard, she felt a feeling akin to satisfaction.

…*

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…*

UWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHI'MSORRYI'MSORRYGIL-SAMA!
I'm really truly sorry. Even though he's only 10, if he stands in this heavy rain he'll definitely catch a cold.

But I can swear that this definitely isn't meaningless.
Coming into contact with the naturally overflowing elements of magic is one type of direct training method. If it's fire, then you deal with fire every single day; if it's wind then you climb up to a high place and spend a day in the wind, if it's earth then you go into a cave and touch the ground.
By doing that, you can little by little increase your affinity with mana.
Even I spend a few hours every day continually lighting up the bonfires responsible for the mansion's barrier, and exert myself trying to heighten my affinity.

But even though Gil-sama's aptitude is for water, the Luzil clan is a pyromancy clan.
There are no natural waterfalls or lakes in our estate, and it's an environment that's completely unsuited to training water.
To begin with, although each person in this pyromancy clan has their own

differences, they unfailingly have the aptitude for fire.
That's why nobody considered that Gil-sama had aptitude for *nothing but* water.
In our clan, as long as you have even a little bit of suitability for fire, in order to extend that, all other aptitudes are sealed, and you train up the fire little by little but…
This method that the Luzil family uses that completely sacrifices all other elements to specialise in just the one, has instead become one of the things that's discouraging Gil-sama's hydromancy from blooming.

Then if you consider my explanation of Gil-sama's aptitude just now, you might be wondering *'Then why not just have him leave the house?'*.
However.
The common sense of my old world doesn't work here.
If we announce this to everyone, it's quite obvious that Gil-sama will be branded as a somebody swindling the clan, and will be killed.
…Well, what can I say, it was that sort of rough world that was depicted in the novels.
That's why no matter what, I have to raise Gil-sama while hiding his aptitude, all while becoming clan head as quickly as possible to expel Gil-sama from the Luzil family.
At this rate, his life will really be in danger!

And there's so much water element in the downpour!
There's no choice but to forcefully make him touch it!
…But, I really am sorry.

"Keika, the tea."

Seeing as a sigh almost escaped me, I shook my head to clear it away, and feeling down, I asked the maid for tea.

Seeing her coldly gaze into the courtyard as though she were looking at an irritating bug, anxiety immediately gushed up in me.
Ah-, there was a pattern like this in the novel as well.
Where they looked the door to the courtyard, and Gil-sama was left there even when he collapsed.
What happened after that was terrible, terrible as well, huh…
Uwahh, although it's to grasp a rare chance for Gil-sama to train, now that his

mana is depleted, it's really easy for him to fall sick.

"Here you go, Origa-sama. I have just prepared it."

"…Also, please bring Oniisama to the training spot. I shall instruct him."

Now that I've said this, he'll probably be taken in from the rain in about two hours.

Afterwards I'll be treating him badly enough to be called abuse, but unlike the novel where they were trying to abuse him as much as I'm trying to hold back, and where they wouldn't give him medicine even when he fell sick, I'm sure the situation now is definitely better. Probably.

The maid's face warped in displeasure in the corner of my eye when she heard the word "instruct", so I gave a small sigh.
I know that Gil-sama has a delicate position, but… Argh, geez! Human relations are so troublesome!

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After my afternoon training was over, the message I received from the maid was that I would be dining with Otousama for the first time in a while.
To begin with, just seeing each others faces is limited to one or two minutes at new years.
While wondering exactly what kind of whim brought this about, I hurriedly changed and headed to the dining room to find that, again, something of a rare occurence, Gil-sama was sitting there as well.

Though I was wondering whether it was going to be raining spears tomorrow, with a composed expression I sat down at the table and had dishes carried to me one by one.
Perhaps because he didn't usually eat such fancy food, Gil-sama was being very careful with his manners and wasn't really touching the food set out there.
I began to slowly eat, feeling that I should at least set an example.
Otousama who was sitting interposed between Oniisama and I, just sat there sipping wine with a smile as he gazed pleasantly at us.

I'm not good at dealing with this person.

I didn't really have any favourite characters, but as a fellow woman, I sympathised for Okaasama due to her unfortunate marriage.
But as for Otousama, honestly speaking, rather than the feeling that he was my father, the feeling that he was a person I would one day need to surpass, was stronger.
Don't you also think it's difficult? Before the matter of your parent cheating or whatever, knowing that this person who you aren't good at dealing with is somebody that you'll definitely bump heads with one day.

But there's also one thing about him that I have unconditional faith in.
It's obvious that I didn't know if I had any half-siblings besides Gil-sama, but fortunately, no such characters appeared in the novel.
In other words, there shouldn't be any such people taking the stage in the open.
I mean, with his children being the heaven-sent child of fire and the one who would later on be known as a grand hydromancer, although we trended in different directions, we both had high aptitude for magic.
If one or two more of us popped up, I'd never be able to handle them, so I'm thankful.

While only Gil-sama and I were quietly eating, Otousama called for more wine, again and again.
He was sitting there with an unreadable expression, but once the dessert was brought to our table, he finally opened his mouth.

"Gilford. I've heard the report. Spend more time training. And it's about time that I give you a tutor for the sword, so continue to apply yourself."

"…Understood, Esteemed Father."

While I was watching Otousama uninterestedly imply that Gil-sama wasn't suited for magic with his curt orders, perhaps he noticed my gaze, because he looked my way with a smile.
Resembling my own, those dark, copper eyes narrowed like a predator's.

"By the way. It seems that you've been working quite hard, haven't you, Origa."

"Yes. I am trying my best each day so that I can become a magician that can

support the nation and the Ruzil family, even a day earlier.”

“Ohh?”

Thinking that it was the optimal response, I recited a line that【Origa】often gave, and in response his red lips curved into a smile.
Although his gaze was directed at his wine glass, he had cornered me with that low and overwhelming voice of his.
The room was filled with a sodden heat.

…*

“I can’t say I really recommend *that way of doing things.*”

I felt like my heart had suddenly frozen over.

———Ahh, it’s here.
The thing that I wanted to hear the least.
As expected, this man had noticed what I’d been doing to Gil-sama.
Would an expert eye notice that I’ve been secretly training Gil-sama in water magic?
Just how many people have noticed this?
Did somebody report this to Otousama?

“…Whatever could you be talking about? I am following the training each day that you have advised me to, but…?”

If he’s been noticed by the clan head, Otousama, then Gil-sama who isn’t even a real member of our fire clan is as good as done for.
His future would probably be a death too pitiful to even look at. A death unlike a protagonist.
There’s no way that this story would allow that.
There’s no way that this story would allow such a change to his fate.
In that case, even if he’s my father, even if he’s the clan head, and even if he’s somebody I can’t match, as long as he gets in my way…

In harmony with these feelings of mine, the candles in the room blazed brighter.
It seems that Gil-sama had noticed the change in my mood because he looked towards me, but I didn’t spare him a glance and continued pouring my gaze onto

Otousama.
So that I wouldn't miss a single action.
So that I could take Gil-sama away from him at any moment.
The person who was receiving my hostility glanced at the changes in the candles atop the table.

"Well then. If you think that it's cultivating that talent, then do as you wish."

Otousama spoke in a jesting tone as he closed his copper eyes, and the moment that he did, the heat that filled the room was stopped by mana and faded.
Now that the family head had said that he would overlook it————now that I had this promise from him, Gil-sama's safety was as good as guaranteed for now.
Just the fact that things ended without butting heads with him was a godsend.
I slowly let out the breath that I had been holding, quieted my feelings, and brought a stop to the tremors of the flame.

"If you can surpass me, then you can do as you like. Well, there'll be restrictions though."

"Yes. I understand, Otousama."

Although I have talent, my experience is overwhelmingly lacking.
No matter how overwhelming my talent might be, at this moment in time, I can't compare to Otousama.
It's something that my father, called the most talented in history, has. And it's something that I am lacking————experience.
That's why this isn't the right time.
But one day, once I can compensate for this deficiency…

-kushuu-

A small sneeze rang out through that frozen and bloodthirsty atmosphere.
I'd completely forgotten that he was there, and when I turned to face him, I found Gil-sama hanging his head in fear of the atmosphere.
Ahhh, geez. Nothing would come out but a sigh.
So depressing.

————It seems that Gil-sama really did catch a cold.

Take care of yourself, Oniisama!
———I'll bring you medicine and warm milk later, okay?!

What do I do about terms like chichiue and hahaue? Obaue etc.? I've been translating it as Esteemed ____, since I don't need to translate otousama etc. that way, but if everyone already knows terms like ojiue and stuff, then I guess I could leave it in? What's the average level of knowledge for a weeaboo? Would they know terms like aniue and aneue stuff?

"Though I was wondering whether it was going to be raining spears tomorrow…"
This comes with the Japanese equivalent of 'whatever happens'/'come hell or high water'; 'whether it rains water or spears'.

Don’t worry, Oniisama!

Don’t worry, Oniisama!

Third Year

With her hair tied up as always, the servant’s young lord met her gaze through the mirror.
This little lord had a habit of quietly looking people in the eyes when asking them a question.
Those copper eyes of hers were still, as though devoid of any light of emotion.
When the servant stopped moving and tilted her head in wait, the question that came to her was beyond expectation.

“Hey, Keika. Between my father and I, who do you think will achieve more for the Ruzil?”

The small lord who had just turned nine, questioned her with a perfect smile.
The copper hair and eyes served to make the calm girl appear older than she was.

Her, and the clan head; just whom did Keika hold allegiance to? ———Indeed, the girl was instigating betrayal.

Keika’s lord had suddenly matured over the last two years.
In the past she was already a girl brimming with talent, but ever since she took over responsibility for her deadweight brother, she had become completely absorbed in her magic studies.
Her vigour for studies seemed almost mad; enough that even the more power worshipping members of the clan drew away from her, to say nothing of her mother.
In terms of technique, she still had a long way to go.
However, even compared to the current clan head who was extolled as the most talented in history, it was clear that the girl was by far more promising.

Keika was a true daughter of the Ruzil, as well as a magician.
Her lord was the head of the Ruzil clan, and could be nobody else.

However, as though overturning such a taboo, the girl solicited Keika, as her copper eyes brimmed with dark emotions.
This was despite knowing that the close aides of the current head were set in stone, as well as knowing that Keika did not hope to walk a path above a maid's.
The girl asked Keika. Would Keika betray the head and become her first retainer, or would Keika content herself to a lifetime of mediocrity?

Keika knew full well that she was not such a talented magician that she could afford to overlook this crossroad in life; this chance*.
Excited, Keika could dimly feel the blood rushing away from her arms and legs.

"…I-, I… swear a lifetime of allegiance to you."

"Thank you, my dear Keika. There is something that I would like you to investigate———"

With a smile, the small lord whispered a plan into the maid's ear.
Trembling with fear and joy, the maid accepted her order as though in a dream.

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Finishing my early morning training, after wiping down my sweat, as I was about to return to my room and was walking down the outdoors corridor, I found Gil-sama's hand beckoning me over from the shadow of a pillar.
I wonder what he wants.
Even though he always avoids me because he's scared of me or something. How rare.
I could just act normally and leave for my room after a glare, but I just happened to have needed a word with him as well, so while secretly feeling pretty elated inside, I accepted his invitated and headed over to the pavilion.

When I sat down, Oniisama who was sitting opposite me stared right at me, and frowned while looking a little troubled.
It's cute, but I wonder what's up.
Making such a cute troubled face, are you trying to kill me through moe!?
It's fine to tell your esteemed little sister about your troubles, you know. If there

are any guys that you have a problem with, I'll burn them to cinders.
Thinking all this while waiting for Gil-sama to talk, what came out of his mouth next overturned my expectations.

"Origa, I don't think overworking yourself like this is…"

"There is no need to hear this from *you, Oniisama. I am properly taking care of my body."

"Your complexion didn't look very good. If I was wrong, I'm sorry."

"…My."

I'm a little surprised.
Geez, so he's advanced in the water element enough that he can tell this much about me.
Water magic is the magic of healing.
I've heard that just by looking at somebody's face, a skilled practitioner can tell things like what ails them, or how much longer they have to live.
If this is what's happening with Gil-sama, then although I haven't noticed it myself, I probably am a little tired.
There's the fact that I've gotten a healthy body after reincarnating as well, and since I don't know what my limit is, I often overuse magic, or study for too long and hurt my body. I'd better be careful.

"…Understood. I shall take a rest later. Is there anything else?"

"Anything else?"

"Did you call me all the way over here only to say just that?"

Seeing him blink blankly, I accidentally muttered "How rare.".
It's not just that he knows that he's bad at dealing with me, but there's also the fact that there would be a high chance that he would be targeted by other clan members, which is why he normally stays away from me, but…
Speaking of which, I get the feeling that he's been a little assertive lately.
As I thought, he's probably getting along with his swordsmanship teacher just like in the novel, or so I was deeply pondering.
His face slightly flushed, he dropped me a bombshell question.

"Ahh… Ummm, hey. For a break, how about you come with me to the festival

in the city?”

——————Sorry?

Huh. But I’m pretty sure that not once in the novel did Gil-sama invite Origa anywhere.

Then, is this an event that appeared because I pushed ‘fate'[the story] forward?

Or rather, being able to go on a date with the protagonist… If there were any fans in this world, they’d definitely strangle me.

That’s just how crazed his fans were.

“…”

“I had tried visiting town, and heard that there would apparently be a festival soon. You’ve never been there before, right? So since it was a good opportunity, I was wondering if you were interes… ted…?”

Is that okay? It’s okay right? Isn’t it okay?

Including the preparation period, I’ve been playing the Princess of the Inferno for five years now, so wouldn’t it be fine to be rewarded at least this much?

Even leaving out questions like, ‘Why is such an event occurring, even though his impression of my should be as bad as it gets?’, there shouldn’t be a problem.

I’m pretty sure that it’s an event that never occurred in the novels after all, and even if I take it as a side benefit for my position, I should be able to cover over an event *this trivial.

Even if I can’t hold hands with Oniisama, if it’s just accidentally doing something like saying ‘Open your mouth. Ahhhn.’, it wouldn’t be a problem, right!?

“…”

“…Origa?”

Because I suddenly started screaming in my mind as I leapt into delusions, I spaced out for a little.

Seeing his little sister suddenly fall into silence and cycling through various facial expressions, I’m sure he felt nothing but fear.

Because in front of me, Gil-sama’s face was a little cramped.

Anyway, while I was opening my mouth to try my best to reply,

———unfortunately, I felt a signal being lit.

…Ah. This conversation is also being watched by one of Otousama’s

subordinates.
It’s been happening more and more since that incident the other day, but lately it’s just been too bold.
Is this also a trap to test and check out thoughts?
With my head suddenly changing gears, being a little more conscious about it, I replied in a cold voice.
“No.” that is.

“…Are you failing to comprehend it, Oniisama? At present, war could erupt with the neighbouring nation at any time. One of the cornerstones of the nation wasting her time precious instead of improving her magic? Just what are you trying to say?”

Both the fact that war is coming, as well as the fact that the Clan of Fire will be necessary, is according to ‘history fact'[the setting].
There’s no way to change this.
That’s why there’s no denying that I need to become strong, even a moment sooner. I wasn’t lying.
As long as I recite【Origa】’s lines according to memory, there won’t be a problem.

“You’re going to improve your skills and, burn, people?”

“Yes. If the Clan of Fire fails to burn away the enemies, the citizens of our nation will be trampled upon.”

Unlike the future saviour of the country who was now making a troubled expression, that’s the only thing I can do.
Fire magic is not something used to save people.
When I silently stood up and made to leave, my arm was caught.
When I slowly looked him in the eyes, I found that determination blazed in those eyes that pained my heart.

“Origa. I really *do* think that we should visit town. The people of this family are strong. But you need to get to know what normal people are like as well.”

“Get to know them, and learn the preciousness of their frail lives? Ridiculous.”

To show a sheltered girl a new world, and even if only a little, change this unfeeling family full of bloodthirsty power-worshippers.

The only one in this family that he could be face to face with was me, his little sister, which is why he called out to me.
I'm sure that's the reason for his unusual behaviour.
But【Origa】will not be swayed———that's how the story goes.

"Enough. I will not humour your blather. It is a waste of time."

"Killing people will give birth to hatred. That'll just cause a cycle-"

"Oniisama. If you do not desire scars that will accompany you for a lifetime, then shut your mouth this instant."

With a snap, I created a small ball of flames by my fingertips and held it to his nose, causing him to widen his eyes and stiffen.
He knew quite well the pain of these red flames.
He knew that this flame, this magic, could give birth to nothing but hatred and pain.

Hating, and being hated. History repeating itself.
I personally feel that prioritising lives is the right way of thinking.
In the novels, Gil-sama also took a stand under that belief.
I feel the same way, and it's because he stuck to this belief that I admired Gil-sama.
However. Agreeing and fighting alongside him is not my role.

"If you hate to see blood running, then please become strong enough to stop it, before saying such things to me."

"Origa, wait."

"Our clan, no, our *country, has no other way but this. It is our best hand."

I repeated this. To let the people in the distance hear, and to remind myself once again.

"As long as this is our best hand, Otousama and myself as well, will continue to light the other nations in flames."

To signify that we had nothing left to discuss, I shook off Oniisama's arm when I once again felt a signal being lit.
The meaning of that mild and quiet flame was, 'capture'.

The signal from the maid that I had convinced to become my arms and legs.

To determine which of these people were listening in for Otousama, and to remove them from the stage———this was my first act of resistance towards Otousama.

She joined me in training a few times and was a little whimsical, but Keika had enough magical ability to be chosen as Origa's maid.
Since she sent a signal, identifying Otousama's loyal follower was probably a success.
A success in identifying that little crow that was listening to things it wasn't supposed to, trying its best to think, and quietly whispering to the clan head.

It's terribly irritating having no choice but to do things reactively, but it can't be helped.
If somebody powerful unconditionally spoiled the weak Oniisama, the other members of the clan would hurt him.
My maid Keika is a good example; this clan's complex regarding power is really much too strong.

In this age, of the families once extolled as the Five Great Magic Clans, only the Fire, Wind, and Tree clans are left.
This trend of weakening blood and ability over the generations is something harsh to those who live for nothing but magic.
That's why a boy who inherited exceptional talent but not a smidgen of the fire element was a strong symbol of decay to such people.
Because of that, everybody was overly conscious of Oniisama, wanted to get rid of him, and wished to forget about him completely.

There were only two ways to protect him.
The first was to declare that I was fond of Oniisama, and protect him with my own power.
——However, on top of this being terribly difficult, it wouldn't be any good for his independence.
That's why I took the other method, where I thrust him away and instead took the initiative to show my rejection of him.
So as to avoid stimulating their complexes about him, and so that things wouldn't escalate beyond a certain point.

Mysteriously, this meant that I would be doing the same things as【Origa】, but that was my best hand.

“Ah, I know. ———If I hear nothing but nonsense, the ‘one who gave you this useless knowledge'[your teacher in swordsmanship] may find himself in a crisis as well, you know?”

‘Please watch your words’, I threatened him.
While hearing the sound of him collapsing onto the bench, I turned to the building and *this time made my way there.
I’ll probably be quite busy from now on, even with Keika at my disposal.
Gil-sama is beginning to hold his own beliefs, so I can take it to mean that the story is beginning to move.
It’s a few years earlier than planned, but as long as I make things fit together with【Origa】’s actions, I can say for sure that I know what the future holds.
Although I know the setting and the story, I had better begin seriously dealing with anyone who might try to kill ‘outsiders’.

When I glanced backwards, I found Oniisama slumped lifelessly.

Once I think of the future path that Oniisama needs to tread, having a bad impression of me suits things just fine.
I was feeling ecstatic so I hadn’t noticed, but although this was set to happen later in time, it was part of the novels that we would face each other with opposing ideologies.
It would be fine to think of the events today as falling under that.
With this as the start, we’ll begin to grow further and further apart.
Just like in those books.

I can’t imagine just how wonderful it would be if I could help him directly.
However, Gil-sama is much too kind, so I’m sure it would pain him when it comes time to kill and abandon me.
That’s why it might be better this way.

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It was two days prior that the girl had collapsed from anaemia, as a result of continuing to train in disregard of her growth-related mana imbalances.
Her room overflowed with get-well presents, and although the girl could see how important she was to the clan, she herself held no interest in this.
The feelings behind those gifts were not pure thoughts of consideration for her, and so there was no need to go out of her way to think of ways to thank them.
Just showing her healthy self would be plenty thanks, after all.

Upon forcing her still sluggish body to the terrace window, she found that something was lightly fluttering outside.
In wonder, the girl opened to window to find a get-well card and a ribboned bouquet.

The bouquet in her hand was made from field flowers and was terribly simple, yet she could feel from it a kindness that exceeded any other, no matter how gorgeous they might be.
The girl only knew of one person who would give her such a bouquet.
The girl couldn’t thank him directly.
Because if those around her witnessed such a thing, they would surely abuse the one who had sent these flowers.
Still, it meant that even when she forced herself to act well, there was still somebody who had noticed that she hadn’t recovered.
Because of that, the girl had no need to show her thanks.

Sinking into thought for just a while, she pulled out just one flower, and after glancing at the contents, she threw the card into the fireplace along with the bouquet.
Pressing the flower between the pages of a diary that nobody would read, the girl muttered something with a troubled smile, before walking towards the door.

Don’t worry, Oniisama!
———I’ll give my best tomorrow as well!

Sorry, Oniisama.

Sorry, Oniisama

Fourth Year

A number of flame pillars engulfed the father's flames and blazed stronger.
Just how high level a technique it was to overwrite other people's magic to make it your own, was something that he himself knew quite well.
If it was just using magic then anybody could do it, but overwriting the control of the magic was proof that your skill exceeded the other's.
Despite the fact that it was a difficult magic even at the best of times, this was a magic used by somebody famed for being the most talented.
Everybody watched the scene in stunned silence.

"————We don't even need to fight… is it. I surrender, Origa."

His beautiful features curved into what could be taken as sincere smile, a sneer, or a wry smile, and the present clan head of the Ruzil raised his hand.

"At this moment, I transfer the seat of the current clan leader to you. It was my complete defeat."

The higher-ups of the clan that had served as the witnesses bowed deeply, and pledged their allegiance to the wise new clan leader of the Ruzil.
The roaring flame pillars swayed violently, reflected in the daughter's emotionless eyes.

And thus, the naturally talented Origa Emelda Ruzil, despite being only ten years of age, became the head of the clan.

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I finally did it! I gave it my all!
I won the seat of clan head six years earlier than in the novel.

With this, I've succeeded in shortening Gilford-sama's unfortunate childhood as much as possible.
Aahh, what a long road it's been.
While keeping malicious hands from attacking Gil-sama, I've been training every, single, day, staying indoors like a shut-in for an entire four years!
Finally, in this clan-, no, in this country, I've risen to the top as the number one fire magician.

"Origa-sama. What will you do with the former clan head?"

…And so without even time to savour the fruition of my hard work, I was forced to deal with the duties of the clan head.
I couldn't help but feel gloomy about what my future held, but it wouldn't have been exaggerating to say that this was what I had desperately lived for these last four years.

Normally, a fallen clan head would be consigned to death on the spot to preserve the meritocracy.
This tradition wasn't something that could be changed even by the order of the new clan head.
countless, countless people had been sacrificed to this tradition, down to my generation.
Even if I tried to force my way with power, now that I'd used all my power a few moments ago, even *I* couldn't win against my entire clan.
However, this time alone, things were fortunate.

"I will have Otousama live. ———As the husband of my mother the princess, in order to demonstrate our allegiance to the throne, we cannot harm him."

I just would slowly consider his treatment later on.

"More importantly," I started.

Overlooking the people who had started to become noisy, I acted like I was glaring at somebody who wasn't there.
Forcefully moving my throat that had become dry from the tension, as the clan head, as the【Princess of the Inferno】, I gave my first order.

"There is somebody else that we must be rid of. ——Bring Oniisama here."

…*

Having been brought here by men, Oniisama looked troubled as he was made to kneel.
However, despite being scared by the higher-ups lined up nearby, Oniisama looked my body up and down, before giving a sigh as though relieved.
Although only a few members of the clan were allowed to watch the scene unfold, everybody knew that I had challenged Otousama to a duel in the Rite of Succession.
However, no matter how praised I was for being a genius, I was still only ten.
An age where if I left the mansion and went to town, I would be nothing more than a child to be protected.
My body was small, my strength was weak, and with my build being terrifyingly fragile, I was a child to be protected.
To Oniisama who had been brought up normally until he had been brought to the clan, I'm sure that impression was even stronger.

"Congratulations on your Rite of succession."

"Thank you. The reason I had you come here was to inform you of what we will be doing with you."

Even the first words of congratulation that Oniisama had ever given me didn't move my heart.
It only deepened the feelings of guilt for what I was about to do.
Those green eyes that I could feel love from now wavered in turmoil. It took everything I had not to look away.

"We have waited plenty long enough. It would have been fine had you even a little talent for fire. However, you were so weak… that we cannot allow you the name Ruzil."

It's been four years since Oniisama had been brought here.
I singlemindedly improved my skills, and finally the preparations are complete.
That weakness is sin, and that something that must be removed is something that was common sense of the clan.
Because of that, during succession ceremonies, the new head would kill the fallen head as a show of power.

It wasn't an abuse due to hatred for the former head, but simply tradition.
If it was just a ceremony about removing the weak and showing one's strength, then instead of killing Otousama――――――

"Because of that, we will brand you so that you can never call yourself a Ruzil again, and then we will banish you."

Although the wide-eyed Gil-sama was kneeling less than five steps away, he felt much too far.
Today, right this very moment, our paths decisively parted.
My chest felt unbearably restless, but this too was according to the events of the novels.
In the novels, Gil-sama had his life targeted by【Origa】, but because of the help of a friend, things ended with just being banished and disowned.
In the end, it's ended up with me choosing to banish him myself, but that's as far as the changes go.
No matter how【I】feel, no matter what methods I use, as long as Oniisama is the protagonist, this is something that will surely happen.

"Origa-sama. Is this not too light a measure? We are a clan that respects magic. Just being weak is in itself a sin."

"…Oniisama was not somebody born and raised in the Ruzil. He is nothing more than a normal, incompetent child, born from a superior seed.
Acknowledging him as a member of our clan would besmirch the honour of our ancestors."

How somebody is raised in their infancy has an enormous influence on them; this is something that all magicians know.
If I declare that Oniisama's talent as a magician never budded because he had been raised by a nobody with no contact with magic, everyone should assent.
Executing somebody who didn't even know the 'ma' in 'magic' as a member of the important Ruzil family was the same as acknowledging that he was a magician.
Once I tried lamenting about how shameful it was, nobody else raised any further objections.

After after if there were any other objections, and scanning the surroundings, I

had Oniisama held down by the men, and ordered them to gag him.
Oniisama was held face-up against the ground, unable to even resist. Kneeling down next to him, I slowly undid his collar.
Drawing an ancient character in the air that meant ‘severing connections’, it burned red and turned into a brand.

“Let your heart———no, let your *soul* be branded with this mark.”
『So that your body burns, and burns, until not even the garbage remains——』

A scene I had once seen flashed through my mind.
My voice, my face, my flame flickered in distant memories.

I don’t, want to do this.

I wasn’t thinking about the consequences. This emotion just rose through my body.
So that I could deny the future that would one day come to me, quickly so that nobody would see, I modified the brand,
———and seared the emblem at my fingertips into his skin.

“—————-!!-————-!!!”

The sound of sizzling skin, and Oniisama’s mute screams.
Although the scream of pain, the smell of burning, and the sensation of branding him all served to point out just how cruel I was, I couldn’t avert my eyes.
After all, this was a sin that I had committed.

「—————-gah, ———…」

I continued to push my finger down on his convulsing body———when I checked to make sure that the brand was on properly, the surroundings had grown silent.
Everybody here confirmed that Gilford Ruzil was forever disowned from the Clan of Fire.
There was no longer any reason for anybody to give a glance to the boy who had fainted from pain.
There was no longer any reason to kill somebody like this, nor was there any value in dirtying their hands.

“…Keika, send donation money to the knights training school. Once Oniisama

awakens, send him on his way after preparing him the necessary equipment.”

“And what is to be done of his surname?”

“Write his mother’s surname on the application. Tell him as well that from now on he is to use that name.”

Around the time that Oniisama was being carried out by some youths, people who hadn’t been present at the ceremony rushed in to give their congratulations.
As though drunk on power, and as though unable to understand what had happened, satisfied looking people surrounded me and gave their congratulations one by one.
Not a single person raised a complaint about my actions.
Not a single person looked towards the one who was burnt.
Although it was such an abnormal scene, not a single person noticed the abnormality.
Everything about this was terrifying.
I told my maid Keika that I would be returning to my room, so I would be leaving the cleanup to her, and Keika nodded with elation in her eyes.
From today onwards, she was the close aide of the clan head.
Seemingly moved by this, she congratulated me and declared her loyalty to me.
However, I didn’t listen to a single word.
At the moment I just wanted to be alone.
I didn’t want to see anyone else.
As though running away from the crushing pressure, I turned around and returned to the mansion.

My footsteps ringing out, I returned to my room by myself.
My steps were sound, and anybody looking in would see that I looked just as always.

With this, I had finished everything that needed to be done.
Gil-sama is going to meet some friends, choose his own path, and then gain power.
This was the tale of the ‘protagonist'[hero] who removed himself from a bloodstained destiny, defeated all evil, and founded a kingdom that brought joy to everyone.

This was not something that ‘I'[the villain] ought to take part in.
From now on, until the moment that I appeared onstage again, my life would just be a side story.
———————A story of cruelty upon cruelty.

When I gripped the doorknob to the mansion, for some reason my hands were trembling and I couldn’t draw out any power from them.
During training, we used an anti-fire magic film to protect from fireballs, so this was the first time burning somebody with my magic.
That it stank that much,
That he’d scream that much,
That the touch was that raw,
That it burnt that fast,
That humans were that fragile,
was something I hadn’t thought.

I’ll probably attack countless people with this magic.
Somebody’s family, somebody’s lover, somebody’s friend,
I’ll burn them, and burn them, and burn them.
The only thing I can use is fire magic————just like Gil-sama once said, it’ll only give birth to hatred, and won’t be able to save a single person.

What appeared in my mind was a scene that I had once read over and over again.
A witch who stood alone upon a burnt field and thousands of corpses———————【Origa Emelda Ruzil】.

I did as I wished, and got my results.
These were the results that I had wished for myself.
However, no matter how long I waited, the shaking wouldn’t stop.

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A character with an ego had resisted things just a little, and created just a tiny distortion.
This gave birth to emotions that should never have been born, and allowed those

who should have disappeared to survive.
This denied somebody the future they should have had, and was a guide to re-doing the past.

The characters had begun to move away from the arranged story, and groped for a new path.
And thus, the ‘fate'[story] determined by god had been warped.

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Tl note: So anyway, this is the story of why you shouldn’t reincarnate bed-ridden lolis with no love or social contact. As villains in their favourites novels at least.